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HISTORICAL NOTES

friends would remember and requite them if they had the opportunity."

BEHIND THE DOOR.

By EDMUND DOWNEY,
author of "A House of Tears," "Red
Post-Park," Etc.

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CHAPTER V.

MAURICE LECLERC.

There was a knock at the hall door as Miss Rodney, having made the statement that she was not the only person who was aware of the money being in the house, flung herself into a chair and again burst into a passionate weeping.

"Excuse me, miss," said the constable. "I must leave you for the present to yourself. No doubt this is my inspector."

He folded his notebook and put it into the breast of his tunic. Then he left the room, closing the door quietly after him.

In the hall he saw four men—Constable Young, who, bearing the knock and learning there was no servant in the house, had decided to make himself useful as well as ornamental. Albert Steinworth and Bernard Vickery, who did not like his fellow lodger and preferred not to be left alone with him on the landing, were well known to Constable Metcalf—but the fourth man, for whom the hall door had just been opened, was a stranger to the constable, though he fancied he had a memory of his face.

The first impression was that this was a gentleman from Scotland Yard, but a swift glance at his carriage and bearing, as he passed into the hall, convinced Metcalf that he was not a man who had passed through the force.

"Your business, sir?" demanded Young as the newcomer stood in the hall.

Constable Young was a burly man of about 5 feet 10 inches in height. His manner was brusque and boisterous, his voice a deep, rasping bass. Every hand that did not wield a policeman's staff was against him. It is most likely he would have felt kindly disposed toward one who wielded the magical wand of the musical conductor, and probably he would have gazed at a marshal in full reg with a benighted eye. But "the force"—its honor and glory, its unlimited power, its dignity, its infallibility—was all in all to Constable Young. When he wore his helmet or other headgear, there was nothing very remarkable in the snug, shaven, flat face or in the great round chin. But when Constable Young slowly lifted his helmet or when you encountered him bareheaded you were at once startled by his head. The shape of his head was that of an inverted cone, the bald top of the skull making the apex of the cone more startling than if it were clothed with hair. The base of the cone—that is to say, his chin and the lower portions of his skull—was puffed out with fat and seemed as if it might at any moment melt and run down his enormous chest. Indeed, you felt—if you were of a kindly disposition—that it would be a great relief to Constable Young if his flesh would "thaw and resolve itself into a dew."

The newcomer glanced scornfully at his challenger.

"I wish to see Miss Rodney," he said.

Constable Metcalf stepped forward.

"Would you kindly walk this way with me, sir?" stepping toward the door of the room which lay behind the front parlor—a room used chiefly as a dining room. "Our inspector is taking his time of it," addressing himself to Young.

"May be sure he has good reasons for being slow," said Young. "Seems rather awkward to have these gentlemen standing about," pointing to Steinworth and Vickery.

"Very sorry, but we can't help that just now. Our inspector will be long. I'm sure, and he'll settle everything. Now, sir, to the stranger, 'will you follow me?'"

The two men walked into the dining room.

"You wish to see Miss Rodney. Your name, sir, please. I suppose you heard what happened here this morning?"

"Yes," he heard that Mrs. Davorn was found dead in her bed; and already there is a rumor abroad that there has been foul play."

"Reports will travel, sir. You did not give your name?"

"Maurice Leclerc."

"Ah, I thought I remembered you. Dr. Leclerc, of course. You used to be with Dr. Percival—pardon my familiarity."

"This is awful!" exclaimed Dr. Leclerc, tearing off his glove and apparently forgetting the existence of the police constable. "It will drive Ethel crazy. Where is Miss Rodney?" he asked, in a quieter tone, glancing at the policeman. "Is she in the house, and can I see her? I suppose you are in charge here?"

A lot of questions to answer all at once.

"Yes, sir; she is in the house, but she is greatly upset. To tell you the candid truth I did not think it would be fair on her to let strangers intrude; but, of course, it is different with you, sir."

"What do you mean?" inquired Leclerc angrily. He knew the constable was alluding to the relations that existed between Ethel and himself—a liberty he could not tolerate in this modest policeman. "Where is Miss Rodney?" he inquired again abruptly. "I must see her at once."

"She is in the next room—the front room."

"That will do. Thank you. Perhaps I had better overstep, but I feel as if I were about to go mad."

He snatched up his hat, which he had laid on the table on entering the room, tore off his other glove and strode out into the hall.

"Excitable person!" reflected the constable, following Dr. Leclerc into the hall and watching him as he opened the door of the front parlor.

"Now, gentlemen," said Metcalf, addressing himself to Steinworth and Vickery. "I think the back parlor will be the handsomest place for you until our inspector arrives. It is at your service."



"She is in the next room."

oral times under this very roof, and he had the insolence to cut me dead in the hall outside."

Bernard Vickery was silent. He acted more like an automaton than a human being. He did just as he was directed, and seemed as if he were walking about in a dream.

After some moments of awkward silence in the back parlor Steinworth spoke again.

"It is a horrible affair altogether. Seems to get worse the more you think of it. Poor inoffensive lady, murdered in cold blood!"

"What's that you say?" exclaimed Vickery, suddenly waking into life and glaring round the room.

"At least so I am told by the constable there," pointing to Metcalf.

"It is impossible to say yet how the lady came by her death," said Metcalf. "It might have been suicide?" suggested Steinworth.

"I can't tell, sir."

"Then there is that odd business of my being locked into my room and the front parlor window being forced."

"Yes," said Constable Metcalf. "That locking of your door is very puzzling, but I suppose there was an object in it."

"No doubt to secure the person who broke in from interruption or discovery."

"I was locked in, too, you say?" inquired Mr. Vickery in an eager tone.

"Yes. Just the same as the other gentleman, Mr. —"

"Steinworth," said the young man.

"You are quite sure I was locked in from the outside?" asked Vickery.

"Quite sure, sir."

"That is very strange certainly. Have you any idea, constable—I suppose you do not mind me asking the question; I know you will not answer it if you don't like—have you any idea what time of the night was the horrible deed done? Heaven! it makes my blood run cold to think of it."

"I haven't the least idea, sir. That will be for the coroner's jury to settle."

"I never thought of an inquest. Of course, of course." Mr. Vickery again relapsed into his dreamlike condition.

"I was quite upset this morning," said Steinworth in a jaunty tone, "at finding myself a prisoner in my room, but as matters go it would seem as if it was the one thing I ought to be truly thankful for. Perhaps the burglars—if burglary of a bit of a house like this was their object—meant only to stupefy poor Mrs. Davorn."

"Stupefy Mrs. Davorn!" exclaimed Vickery, starting into life again and trembling violently. "Why! How is she supposed to have been killed? The thought of such a thing, shuddering his shoulders, 'is perfectly horrifying.'"

"She is supposed to have been chloroformed," said Steinworth, addressing his fellow lodger directly for the first time.

"Chloroformed!" exclaimed Vickery, with a despairing upward movement of his hands.

A loud rattle at the hall door was now heard.

"Ah, here comes Inspector Briggs at last. I'm not sorry to have the prospect of relief," said Constable Metcalf, eyeing Mr. Vickery fixedly.

"Nor I either," echoed Constable Young. "It's past my breakfast time, and I'm as hungry as a hunter."

CHAPTER VI.
UNDER A CLOUD.

While the two lodgers at 13 Felspar road and the two policemen from the station at Clayfields were discussing in the back parlor the murder—for murder it was deemed to have been—of Mrs. Davorn, the young doctor was in the front parlor endeavoring to comfort the weeping girl. At first he almost dreaded to refer in any way to the terrible tragedy. Maurice Leclerc was himself in a wildly excited condition. When he felt that Ethel had grown calmer he could contain himself no longer, and commenced to pace the room, his hands folded behind his back. In a few moments he felt that he must speak directly of the tragedy.

"It is a horrible business altogether, dearest," he said. "The more I look at it the worse it seems."

"I should not feel the awfulness of it so much only for the fact that I had last night with her—my dear aunt, who has been my only friend and protector since my father died. It cuts me to the heart to think I can never see her or hear her voice, never be able to seek her forgiveness."

"Why? Am I not already suspected—I can feel it, know it—of the crime that has been committed under this roof?"

"Oh, you must not say such wicked, such foolishly wicked things!" cried the young girl, rising and staring at him with wild and horror laden eyes.

"Listen to me, dearest; listen to me. I am trying to control myself. On my way here I met Percival and a police inspector in the Crescent road. They told me what had happened—so far as they knew. I guessed the rest. The money is gone—this cursed money that is always at the bottom of all mischief. Is it not so?"

"I think the money is gone," answered the girl in a trembling voice. "The desk is lying on the floor broken up. It caught my eyes before I knew anything of the terrible discovery I was about to make."

"My poor darling. It is selfish of me to be able to think of little else but my miserable self. But don't you see how much reason I have to be almost mad? Don't you see that with that other charge hanging over me, with the knowledge that I was in sore trouble for money, that money would save me from disgrace, from ruin—don't you see that suspicion will be fastened upon me, such suspicion as I can never hope to outlive? Suspicion—God help me!—not only of theft, but of murder."

He flung up his arms as he spoke and was again about to continue his wild walk up and down the room when the young girl caught him firmly by the wrists and drawing him toward her kissed his lips.

"Dearest!" he murmured, rapturously. "You almost make me forget that I am so utterly unworthy of you."

"Come, Maurice, you must not give way to foolish fears. The guilty person, whoever he is, will be discovered."

"My darling, my darling! But," with a weary sigh, "you must think of the situation as it stands. Here am I—a man in desperate need, a man about to fly from the country—the last person who visited this house last night—who visited it—but who will believe me?—only to be near her who was to have been my wife today."

"Yes, dearest Maurice—who will be your wife today if you wish it."

"No, no, no," he exclaimed. "Not with this new cloud hanging over me. It would be a cowardly act, a dastardly act, to give you my doubly snatched name."

"What concern is it of any one on earth if I choose to accept that name? I have no fear. I am alone in the world. I have only you."

"You tempt me sadly, dearest," he murmured. "But I will not be mean enough, selfish enough, to take advantage of your great generosity. No, it cannot be, Ethel. Just think of it calmly."

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ly cropped, sharp featured man, with strange introspective blue eyes, was an officer dispatched to Clayfields by the authorities at Scotland Yard. Ebenezer Briggs was one of the local inspectors at Clayfields. He was a tall man, fully 6 feet high, with a sharp nose protruding unobtrusively, a short, thin upper lip, a dimpled, shaven chin and a pair of florid whiskers, which caused his face to seem a great deal broader than it really was.

"Thank you, inspector," said Goringe, gazing at Briggs with his strange blue eyes. "I can honestly return the compliment. I am very glad to find you are my comrade here. I have not forgotten the last transaction we had together."

Inspector Briggs flushed with pleasure.

It was about 6 o'clock on the evening of the 10th of October, a lighted lamp stood on the dining room table, a bright fire burned in the grate.

"Now then," said Detective Goringe, "let us go through the case carefully together and see what we shall see. 204Y is evidently qualifying for Scotland Yard," turning over a notebook.

"He is a very zealous officer, is Metcalf."

"Yes. I shall want my information to be a little less condensed. Here is the case as I have taken it in," laying Constable Metcalf's notebook on the table and felling his arms. "But, first and foremost, are we sure of privacy here?"

"Quite," answered Inspector Briggs confidently. "Miss Rodney is in her room—attic floor—packing up. Says she couldn't spend a night in the house with the knowledge that the dead body was here. Steinworth—No. 1 lodger, as I may call him—is out searching for fresh diggings with the protecting eye of a plain clothes man upon him. Vickery—lodger No. 2—is in bed in his room."

"Overhead?"

"Yes. He is in a kind of torpor. Dr. Percival saw him an hour ago and is going to call round again between 8 and 9. He doesn't think we need be uneasy about him. At any rate he is locked in securely, and I have ascertained that if we don't lift our voices unduly not a whisper can reach to his room. I had a pretty thorough search of the house early today, from garret to basement."

"That's the lot—the whole human family here?"

"Yes; with the exception of the lady of the house, who is lying stoned dead in her room on the first landing. Her body will be removed tomorrow for the post mortem at Clayfield hospital."

"Next the Vicar's hall?"

"The same."

"No servant in the house?"

"No; there hasn't been one sleeping in the house for some time. The young lady and the dead woman managed the house with the assistance of a girl who went home every night. Then I have an officer outside—young 200Y—to keep any stray visitors—curiously mongers the like—off the premises."

"Very well, then, let us proceed. I will give you my statement of the case, and if I get astray you will pick me up. Mrs. Davorn, widow, aged 45 or thereabouts, is discovered dead in her bed this morning at 6 o'clock. Person who discovers her dead is Miss Ethel Rodney, niece of Mrs. Davorn. Person to whom she imports this discovery is Police Officer Metcalf, 204Y division, who has been for some minutes previously conversing with Albert Steinworth, a lodger in the house in front bedroom. Steinworth has challenged 204Y and has declared he is locked into his room, and asks police constable to rouse the house, as he wants to get away in order to catch an early train at Paddington. 204Y, as soon as the hall door is opened for him by Miss Rodney and when he learns from her that the lady of the house is dead or dying, dispatches Miss Rodney for the nearest doctor. 204Y then goes to room on first landing. Finds Mrs. Davorn dead in her bed. No signs of violence or of a struggle. The only thing exceptional that catches his eye is a broken desk on the floor, a discovery which he gave no attention to at the time. 204Y next proceeds to first floor landing. Finds floor of front bedroom locked, as stated previously by Albert Steinworth. Key is in lock outside. 204Y liberates Steinworth and then finds that Bernard James Vickery, whose room is on the same floor, is also locked into his room. Key in lock outside. Great difficulty in arousing Vickery. Dr. Percival arrives. Pronounces Mrs. Davorn to be dead. Considers she has been dead for some hours. Doctor discovers under Mrs. Davorn's bed a sponge, which he declares to contain distinct traces of chloroform."

"Loose contact on the part of chloroformist to leave such a witness in the room."

"Apparently. But remember there may have been a motive. To resume: 204Y learns, subsequently from Miss Rodney that there was a sum of money in the room of deceased woman the previous night. Thirteen hundred pounds in notes, according to Miss Rodney. And I must say," declared Dr. —

(Continued on third page.)

Dr. Leclerc caught her hand and pressed it to his lips.

"The culprit will be discovered, Maurice. Why rack yourself with suspicion which exists only in your own mind? Some one broke in here last night—at least the police think so."

"Of course. What would be more natural than that I should break in? I, who knew the house; I, who knew what no one else was aware of—that the money was in the room upstairs."

"It is very wicked of you, Maurice, to torture me."

"I am a brute. But, Ethel, my darling, you must not think too badly of me now. I am not in my normal frame of mind. This awful news has made me nearly frantic. I cannot think of anything reasonably now. I admit that, I can only beg, and I am sure, as you to whom the fates have been unkind."

"My poor Maurice!"

"Most unkind, dearest, except in one way—that they have willed that you should have the patience, my angel, to bear with me, that you should not fling me from you as I deserve to be flung."

"Maurice!"

"For days and weeks I have been foolishly weak, oppressed in one thought, lost in one dream—that you loved me and that this was to be our wedding day."

A vivid flash flashed to Ethel Rodney's tear-stained cheeks. Then she lifted her white hands and drew his head toward her. "Dearest," she said, "one part of your dream is no dream. I love you with all my heart."

CHAPTER VII.
A DISCUSSION.

"I am so glad it is you who have undertaken this job, Mr. Goringe," said Inspector Briggs as the two men sat in the dining room of 13 Felspar road. Joseph Goringe, a clean shaven, close-

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

MOTHERS, Do You Know that Paregoric, Bateman's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, many so-called Soothing Syrups, and most remedies for children are composed of opium or morphine?

Do You Know that opium and morphine are stupefying narcotic poisons?

Do You Know that in most countries druggists are not permitted to sell narcotics without labeling them poisons?

Do You Know that you should not permit any medicine to be given your child unless you or your physician know of what it is composed?

Do You Know that Castoria is a purely vegetable preparation, and that a list of its ingredients is published with every bottle?

Do You Know that Castoria is the prescription of the famous Dr. Samuel Picher. That it has been in use for nearly thirty years, and that more Castoria is now sold than of all other remedies for children combined?

Do You Know that the Patent Office Department of the United States, and of other countries, have issued exclusive right to Dr. Picher and his assigns to use the word "Castoria" and its formula, and that to imitate them is a state prison offense?

Do You Know that one of the reasons for granting this government protection was because Castoria had been proven to be absolutely harmless?

Do You Know that 35 average doses of Castoria are furnished for 35 cents, or one cent a dose?

Do You Know that when possessed of this perfect preparation, your children may be kept well, and that you may have unbroken rest?

Well, these things are worth knowing. They are facts.

The fac-simile signature of *Dr. H. Picher* is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

ATMOSPHERIC ELECTRICITY.

The Experiment Suggested by Franklin and Performed by D'Alibard.

To Benjamin Franklin belongs the merit of having perceived that a direct experiment was needed to prove what so far was only a guess. In an article entitled "Opinions and Conjectures Concerning the Properties and Effects of the Electrical Matter Arising From Experiments and Observations Made at Philadelphia, 1749," the following passage occurs:

"To determine the question whether the clouds that contain lightning are electrified or not, I would propose an experiment to be tried, where it can be done conveniently. On the top of some high tower or steepie place a kind of sentry box, big enough to contain a man and an electrical stand. From the middle of the stand let an iron rod rise and pass, binding out of the door, and then upright 20 feet or 30 feet, pointed very sharp at the end. If the electrical stand be kept clean and dry, a man standing on it when such clouds are passing low might be electrified and afford sparks, the rod drawing fire to him from a cloud."

"If any danger to the man should be apprehended, though I think there would be none, let him stand on the floor of his box, and now and then bring near to the rod the loop of a wire that has one end fastened to the leads, he holding it by a wax handle, so the sparks, if the rod be electrified, will strike from the rod to the wire and not affect him."

The experiment suggested by Franklin was successfully performed in Marly, France, by D'Alibard, on May 10, 1752; in London by Canton, in Spital Square, on July 20, 1752, and by Wilson in Chelmsford, Essex, on Aug. 12 of the same year. Franklin himself described having used a kite in Philadelphia in a letter dated Oct. 19, without giving the date of his observations. But this must be supplied in some passage which I have not been able to find, for Rosenberger ("Geschichte der Physik," volume 2, page 816) mentioned that it was done in June.

Franklin's disbelief in the dangerous character of the experiment must have received a severe shock when he heard of the death of G. W. Richardson, who, in the year 1753, was killed by an electric discharge drawn from the clouds by means of a kite.—Nature.

OLD BIRDS' NESTS.

Many Feathered Creatures Use the Same Ones Year After Year.

"That common expression for worthlessness, 'It has no more value than a last year's bird's nest,'" said a bird fancier to a New York Press reporter, "is often far from correct. The majority of our birds do leave their nests after raising a brood, but many do not, and their nests are used through a succession of years. I have known some birds to use their nests ten years in succession, and so persistent are they that many times the female will return even after the nest has been robbed and the mate killed. Among these users of perennial nests are the wrens, some of the swallow family, bluebirds, great crested flycatcher, some of the owls, eagles, chickadees and some woodpeckers."

"They repair to the nest each year and often build it over. A little wren has made its nest in a hole in a tree in my garden and has occupied it for the last eight years. Each year it has piled on new stuff till the hole is almost filled up. Some say that as soon as it becomes crowded the birds will clean it out. I know of a bluebird's nest that has been occupied for several years. It is the same female year after year, for she has two back wing feathers and is lame."

"Birds that build in exposed situations, like kingbirds, always build anew each season, and some others build anew for every brood. Some never build. They either lay in the nests of other birds or in the sand. The eagle and the owl make a framework of sticks and slight repairs are needed. Many birds' nests that you find have never been used. For instance, the marsh wren builds several with the idea that in the case of disturbance the male will attract attention to the nests other than that in which the female is brooding."

"So children learn from enemies."

J. J. H. GREGORY & SON, Marblehead, Mass.

GREGORY'S SEED.

For forty years our Marblehead seeds have been a standard for purity and freshness in about every town and hamlet in the United States, Canada, and Nova Scotia, but New England is our home. We are with you, brother farmer, to maintain a great seed farm in your midst, and thus enable you to get your seed directly from the grower. We grow these from stock raised from the very best strains of vegetables to be found among the best farmers and gardeners of Marblehead, Danvers, Arlington, Belmont, New

Poetry.

The Country Paper.

He was getting home from business, in a
 merchant's van, to find
 The wheels of the electric car were throwing
 sparks of blue,
 And around them were acquaintances, who,
 where they stood or sat,
 By look or word or gesture, were inviting to a
 chat.
 But quite enough of all of them, except to know
 or smile,
 When hailed by some one at the door or just
 across the street,
 He read with happy eyes, while speeding
 over the street,
 The pretty printed pages of a little country
 sheet.
 He read of Tom Jones' enterprise in adding to
 his barn,
 And heard that "Polly" had been taken for a
 "new year's"
 That "Ammy" had given a tea, that
 "Ammy" had given a tea,
 And that "Ab" had come to town and
 brought a lot of wood,
 Well, yes, these things are trifles, perhaps, to
 you and me,
 For him they are reminders of the times that
 used to be,
 And that his busy city life he glances back
 with joy,
 To see the town that circumscribed his doing
 and his being,
 Each pretty printed paragraph upon the
 country sheet,
 Presents a scene familiar, or a friend he used
 to know,
 And makes you can tell it by the smiles that
 gleam upon
 The cheeks of his mother and the other
 "dear ones" at home.
 Men wander far from fortune and find it, too,
 And yet
 The friends and faithful village and its folk they
 never forget;
 And there's not a thing in city life which
 greatly excites him, or that he
 That the little country paper printed where
 they used to live.

—(Boston Globe.)

Selected Tale.

THE INADVERTENCE OF MISS PERKINS.

BY WARREN CLARK.

It was a queer little house, with
 sharp pointed gables and wide perpen-
 dicular weather boarding, that seemed
 entirely out of place on busy Summer
 street, with its strutting bustle and
 hurried air of importance. But the
 house was a relic of other days, when
 the now thriving town was simply a
 village, and the old residents, who
 long since died or moved to quieter
 and more fashionable quarters, had
 considered the street the most desir-
 able place of residence in the country.
 The honorable Peter Perkins had built
 the house, and there he had lived for
 years, nominally practicing law, but in
 reality cultivating that unproductive
 field, so dear to the heart of every pa-
 triot, the field of political reform; and
 being uniformly unsuccessful, at
 length, after a particularly disastrous
 campaign, had died, leaving only
 his daughter, Martha—Miss Perkins—
 and his little old-fashioned house.
 Westfield, with all its miniature
 metropolitan ways, had not outgrown
 the habit of everybody's knowing
 everybody else, and after the hono-
 rable Peter Perkins was laid in his final
 resting place, there was not a house-
 hold in Westfield in which the prob-
 able doings of Miss Perkins were not
 more or less discussed. But Miss Per-
 kins, being what her neighbors called a
 "strong minded person," did not leave
 her friends long in uncertainty, for the
 very day after her father's funeral she
 announced her intention of opening "a
 flower store," a new venture for West-
 field, but one that she felt, sure the
 growing refinement of the people, as
 they got more money and were brought
 more and more in touch with city ways,
 would warrant.

Accordingly, in a few days there ap-
 peared a neat sign over the front door:MISS PERKINS.
FLOWERS.

And into the little front parlor there
 came a counter and refrigerator, while
 the window was filled with fragrant
 blossoms—roses, carnations and violets
 predominating. The cut flowers came
 from a florist in a nearby city, but it
 was not long before a small greenhouse
 in the back yard did much to supply
 the demand.

At first the young men of Westfield
 seemed in a fair way to bankrupt
 themselves at Miss Perkins' counter,
 but gradually they grew accustomed to
 the novelty, and the volume of trade
 was reduced to proportions that could
 be relied upon.

And so Miss Perkins' store became a
 permanent institution, and Westfield
 wondered that the town had ever got-
 ted along without it. It was such a
 convenient stopping place, too; the la-
 dies made it a sort of rendezvous, and
 drop in when you might, you were al-
 most sure to find some one to tell you
 what was going on or coming off in
 Westfield society. Indeed, the young
 society reporter of the Westfield Wee-
 kly Watchman depended upon Miss Per-
 kins' store almost entirely for the so-
 cial gossip that made up her weekly
 "society letter." It is true that in this
 way she always printed what everyone
 already knew, but the Watchman was a
 conservative paper and did not feel
 called upon to assume the responsibility
 of printing news before it had been dis-
 cussed and confirmed by the whole
 town.

Miss Perkins was busy behind the
 counter one morning, arranging a
 freshly cut supply of flowers, when two
 young ladies arrived at the door at the
 same instant and came bustling in to-
 gether.

"Why, good morning, Miss Clemens,"
 exclaimed Miss Perkins, looking up in
 surprise. "Good morning, Miss Elwell;
 aren't you chicks out a little early this
 morning?"

"Well, dear me!" exclaimed Miss El-
 well, who was a rather languid crea-
 ture, "I'm sure you are an early one.
 Now nothing in the world would really
 get me out this early, but I have a very
 important piece of news, and I could
 hardly wait to get down town to tell
 it."

Miss Elwell stopped and looked at
 Miss Clemens to see that she was
 duly impressed, while Miss Perkins
 went on arranging her flowers.

"Well, now that you are here," said

Miss Clemens, "let's have the news.
 What is the wonderful piece of informa-
 tion that has gotten Miss Lazonby out
 of bed before ten o'clock?"

"I never was more surprised in my
 life," said Miss Elwell, "and I know
 everybody will be completely upset
 over it. Can't you guess what it is?"

"Why, of course I can't! How
 provoking you are! Without a hint of
 any kind except that it's the most sur-
 prising thing that ever happened!"

Miss Elwell seemed to enjoy her
 friend's curiosity. Finally Miss
 Clemens said:

"The most surprising thing that
 ever happened? You must be going to
 get married!"

"Now see here, girls, exclaimed Miss
 Perkins from behind the counter,
 "that's the way young ladies talk, I
 believe, in the comic papers, but it
 isn't the kind of wit that is considered
 good form in good society; so Rose,
 if you have any news to tell, as we have
 it, and Blanche, stop your chaffing!"

The girls laughed, and Miss Elwell
 said:

"Miss Perkins' curiosity is getting
 aroused, so we must tell her. And
 please, please, please, don't tell her
 anything!"

"What!" cried both her listeners at
 once, "Mabel Richy?"

"Um, um, said Miss Elwell, nod-
 ding her head in affirmation.
 "Oh, you're joking," said Miss
 Clemens, "and Harry and I were just
 devoted to each other. Why, nothing
 could ever come between them. Mabel
 told me so."

"But something did, just the same,"
 replied the bearer of news, "and that
 something was Miss Marguerite Daisy
 DeJoune of New York."

Miss Clemens exclaimed, "Well I
 never!" and Miss Perkins groaned.

"To think," finally said the eld-
 erly, "that Harry Martin has no more
 sense than that! What the young man
 of this day and genera-
 tion are coming to! I fear, I fear, I
 fear that the old-fashioned creature
 with her blond hair—"

"It's blonded, I know," put in
 Miss Clemens.

"And her pink cheeks," continued
 Miss Perkins, "comes to town with
 nobody to introduce her but the hotel
 keeper, and sets half the men in town
 crazy, and they do say that some of her
 worshippers are not single men either."

And Miss Perkins set down the other
 two, saying so hard that the noise at-
 tracted the attention of people in the street.

"It does not tell all," Harry Martin was
 such a nice fellow, too," said Miss
 Perkins; and then suddenly she asked,
 "When'd it happen?"

"Oh, it's been going on for a long
 time, I guess," said Miss Elwell, "but
 the break came last night, when
 Mabel's father told me that her brother
 Tom, yesterday, and Tom's been coax-
 ing me to lend him my wheel, so he
 came straight home last night and
 told me. It was raining too bad for
 me to go out, so I had to keep it to
 myself all night. I guess from what
 Dick said they must have had an awful
 time. It seems that Miss Marguerite
 Daisy DeJoune is going to give a sup-
 per of the hotel where Mabel was not
 following, and Mabel heard that Harry
 was going, and of course that made
 her. They just had it in the par-
 lor and she gave him back his ring in a
 great huff. Dick says that Harry never
 invited going at all, as he wasn't even
 invited, but when Mabel began to sus-
 pect him he got angry and said he'd go
 if he wanted to. Isn't it awful?"

"Well, I don't believe he was going,"
 said Miss Perkins, "and something
 ought to be said between them."

"Miss Elwell," they're both as proud as
 Lucifer and as stubborn as a mule. Harry
 goes away and I suspect he will. Well,
 I feel sorry for them, but I don't know
 what we're going to do about it. Say,
 Miss Perkins, what is that plant over
 in the corner? I never saw anything
 like it before."

Miss Perkins told her the name of
 the plant, and then a commo-
 ral traveler who wanted to sell Miss Perkins
 some glass that she didn't need for her
 greenhouse, came in, and while Miss
 Perkins was explaining why she didn't
 want and couldn't use a thousand panes
 of window glass, even if it was the
 clearest ever cut, the young ladies slipped
 away.

All the morning Miss Perkins, who
 usually did not give much heed to the
 gossip that went on in her little room,
 thought of the lovers' quarrel who had
 heard discussed. Both of the young
 people were general favorites in town,
 and their marriage had been deemed
 an eminently suitable one; it was a
 shame thought Miss Perkins, that a
 frivolous stranger with yellow hair
 should have the power of working so
 much mischief.

"I do not know," said Miss Perkins to
 herself, "that those girls won't chatter
 about it all over town. I ought to have
 warned them about talking too much—
 not that it would have done any good,
 but it might have eased my conscience
 a little."

As she spoke, a carriage drove up to
 the door, and Harry Martin sprang to
 the pavement and came in.

"Good morning, Miss Perkins," he
 said in his brisk, well-bred manner.
 "Some roses this morning? Ah, those
 are beautiful; how many have you?
 Three dozen, only. Well, I want them
 all. Here's my card, which you will
 drop in the box, and send them to—"

And he wrote an address on a tag
 lying on the counter.

"This address. I've left mother in
 the carriage and she's afraid of the
 horse, so I'm sorry to say. Good morn-
 ing, Miss Perkins."

Miss Perkins looked at the address he had left:

Miss DeJoune,
 Liberty House,
 City.

And then Miss Perkins lost her tem-
 per.

"Why, the impudent puppy!" she
 cried. "If he thinks I'm going to send
 those flowers to that creature, he's
 mistaken! He's crazy, he is. I wonder
 if his mother knows!"

And Mabel Richy was not a happy
 woman. She had wept all night after
 the quarrel and gotten up the next
 morning firmly resolved to die rather
 than show any signs of weakness. But
 she had gotten through the preceding
 day fairly well; in fact, she had
 manifested an unusual feeling being
 under the name of Marguerite Daisy
 DeJoune was mentioned in her presence.

Miss Perkins' Nero was never very
 swift, and it was quite the middle of
 the afternoon before he reached the
 Richy residence and left a long box
 evidently containing flowers. Mabel
 was in her own room, and when the
 maid, took the box to her, it did not
 take her long to reach the box
 open and scramble among the roses for
 the card; even before she looked she
 felt sure of the name she would find on
 it, and when she read, "Mr. Harry Mar-
 tin," she sank down on the floor and
 laughed and cried and said, "Oh, what
 a goose I am!"

In less than ten minutes
 she was down stairs in a hot wash
 and her father's stable-boy ap-
 peared with a note to "Mr. Harry Martin,"
 and under the stimulus of a cold in ad-
 vance and the promise of another when
 he returned, Jack really hurried.

Harry Martin, for some reason, had
 found the work in his father's office,
 very irksome that day. After he had
 made several more or less serious blun-
 ders, the elder Martin suggested in a
 tone peremptory and stern, that he go
 home and rest, and Harry, acting on
 the suggestion, had put on his hat and
 street coat and left the office. He stop-
 ped on the front steps, however, and
 wondered where he would go and what
 he would do. Westfield, and life it-
 self, seemed a dreary waste; he wanted
 to get away from it all. The satisfac-
 tion he had expected to feel in sending
 a box of roses to Miss DeJoune, had
 been so much in evidence as he had heard
 of that frivolous young woman.

While he stood on the steps wrapped
 in melancholy, which he punctuated with
 an occasional, "Dear, take it all!" he
 saw Jack, the Richy's stable boy, ap-
 proaching, wearing a broad grin, Harry
 from old-time habit, began feeling with
 one hand for a coin and held out his
 other for the note; then, to his sur-
 prise, started and thought with sudden-
 ness, "What am I doing?"

"Here's a letter," Mr. Martin," said
 Jack, his grin widening, and then he
 added in a lower tone, "Miss Mabel, she
 told me to hurry."

"Well, hurry back then," said Harry,
 tearing the note open and giving Jack
 the expected coin, "I'll take the an-
 swer."

The note he opened read:

MY DEARER HARRY: You sent the roses.

How very good of you to send the roses.
 Oh, you don't know how awfully unhappy
 I have been! It was so mean in me to be
 jealous of you that you forgive me. When
 shall I see you? Yours, MABEL.

Harry whistled.

"Roses! Why, what the deuce does
 she mean? I'll just go and see, that's
 what! Poor little girl, she's out of her
 mind! I'll just go and see, that's what!

While he was thinking of the perfect
 beauty of the girl, who had been so
 already, he was already rapid strides toward
 the Richy residence, which he reached long
 before Jack did.

He saw the roses in the drawing room
 before Mabel came in, but by what
 happy inadvertence they got there he
 could not guess, nor did he try to find
 out when Mabel came—they had other
 things of which to talk.

On his way home, two hours later,
 he dropped into Miss Perkins' and paid
 for the roses.

"And oh, Miss Perkins," he said,
 "about their delivery; wasn't there
 through some inadvertence—a mistake
 made—"

"No, Mr. Martin," she said, "there
 was no mistake. The flowers went
 right to the right person."

And then Harry's face reddened a lit-
 tle, but he looked toward the counter and
 took Miss Perkins' hand and said:

"Yes, Miss Perkins, inadvertence or
 not, it was the right person." [Woman-
 hood.]

Mound Builders in Minnesota.

An exceedingly valuable article bear-
 ing upon the prehistoric inhabitants of
 Minnesota has been prepared by the
 Hon. J. V. Brower, embodying the re-
 sults of investigations made by himself
 and Professor T. H. Lewis about the
 dead waters of the Mississippi. Mr.
 Brower is an adept in exploration and
 the best authority on the basin of the
 upper Mississippi. He has found traces
 and remains of the mound builders
 through the entire basin of the upper
 Mississippi, from Lake Itasca to the
 falls of Pokegama. Through this dis-
 trict the mounds are discovered every-
 where. They are composed of various
 materials and were probably erected for
 different purposes, but all bear witness
 to the existence here in prehistoric
 times of a people who have long utterly
 vanished from the face of the earth.

This mound-building people lived
 probably, in Mr. Brower's opinion,
 where our people now have their homes
 at least 1,000 years ago. They dis-
 covered and opened the various portages
 between the great lakes in the Missis-
 sippi basin. They were of a race super-
 ior to any of the savage tribes that suc-
 ceeded them. The host of relics picked
 up here and there through the region,
 together with the contents of mounds
 that have been explored, gives us what
 knowledge we have of them. They re-
 sided mostly upon lake shores, in vil-
 lages and lived upon game and fish.
 They used vessels of pottery, stone im-
 plements, the bow and arrow and im-
 plements of copper. They were of full
 stature, and the formation of the skulls
 that Mr. Brower's party examined and
 examined indicates a high degree of in-
 telligence.

The existence of mounds of smaller
 construction—effigy mounds and sites
 for worship or for burial—over a wide
 portion of the Mississippi valley sug-
 gests the general distribution at some
 prehistoric day of this race of people,
 of whose other work we know so little,
 and whose origin and fate are wrapped
 in common mystery.—[St. Paul Globe.]

Acquiring Knowledge.

"Papa, what is an old saw—not the
 saw you saw with, but the kind this
 paper speaks about?"

"What old saw does the paper speak
 about?"

"That's what I want to know. It
 says, 'Everybody has heard the old
 saw, 'Never look a gift horse in the
 mouth.' I want to know where the
 saw came from.'"

"Well, there's your old saw. An
 old saw is an old proverb."

"Why shouldn't you look a gift horse
 in the mouth?"

"Because—because it's in bad taste.
 It's ungrateful, and all that sort of
 thing."

"All what sort of thing?"

"Why, to look a horse in the mouth
 that has been given you shows that
 you don't care for the value of the gift."

"What would anybody want to look
 a horse in the mouth for?"

"To tell how old it is."

"(After a pause.) 'Papa, can you tell
 how old a saw is by looking at its
 teeth?'—[Chicago Tribune.]

Rail ways Ruined by Accident.

One of the most popular of the sub-
 urban railroads carrying passengers out
 of New York during the summer sea-
 son went into the hands of a receiver a
 few days ago because there were pend-
 ing against it damage suits to the
 amount of one million dollars arising
 from an accident on Labor day—an ac-
 cident in which a number of people
 were killed. Not one of the suits has
 yet come to trial, but such is the close-
 ness with which railroad earnings and
 expenses are computed that the net
 earnings for many years to come would
 be hopelessly engulfed if on a part of
 the suits came to trial and if only a
 fraction of the damages claimed were
 recovered in court.

Bite of Information.

The Bay of Puddy has the highest
 tide in the world. It rises a foot every
 five minutes and sometimes attains a
 height of seventy feet.

Bite of Information.

An image impressed upon the retina
 of the eye remains there an appreciable
 time. This is the reason why a torch
 swung rapidly seems to be a circular
 flame.

Bite of Information.

In a factory at New Haven a few days
 ago a girl faint and fell to the floor,
 whereupon, out of pure sympathy,
 everyone else fainted, and she fainted,
 too, after the other.

Bite of Information.

While boring a well at Mulhausen, Al-
 sace, the temperature was taken at va-
 rious depths. At 150 feet the ther-
 mometer recorded 62° F., at 270 feet,
 64°. From this last point down the va-
 riation was an increase of 1° to every
 twenty-two feet.

Bite of Information.

The belief that the shallower parts of
 the bottom of the eastern Atlantic and
 parts of a submerged continent once
 joined to the mainland seems to be
 growing. Scientific evidence in sup-
 port of Plato's story of a lost Atlantis
 has recently multiplied a hundredfold.

Bite of Information.

Two English bacteriologists conclude
 that an average of 1500 microbes must
 be inhaled into the nose every hour,
 while in London the number must of-
 ten reach 11,000. The organisms are
 caught by the nose and pass to the di-
 gestive organs, which in health destroy
 them.

Bite of Information.

Traveling churches are to be estab-
 lished on the Trans-Siberian Railway,
 which passes through many desert
 tracts, where neither villages nor
 churches can be met with for miles. Cars
 fitted up for divine service will be at-
 tached to the trains for the benefit of
 the officials.

Bite of Information.

Muscle relieves muscular fatigue in
 man, says Prof. Tachauhoff, of St. Pat-
 erburg, who has been experimenting
 in the subject from a purely physiol-
 ogical standpoint. It helps to drive out
 carbonic acid in dogs and increases
 their consumption of oxygen; it also
 makes them perspire. He thinks it may
 be regarded as a serious therapeutic
 agent.

Bite of Information.

A singular Cornish hat is a great round
 mut of straw worn by a miner. The
 hat is bound down at the sides so as al-
 most to conceal the head and face of
 the wearer. He carries in his hand a
 screen or fan, and when in the road, if
 any one approaches him, he holds the
 screen in front of him, so that it, to-
 gether with the hat, completely con-
 ceals him.

Bite of Information.

One hundred and nine thousand loco-
 motives are at present running on the
 earth. Europe has 33,000, America
 40,000, Asia 3500, Australia 2000 and
 Africa 300. In Europe, Great Britain
 and Ireland have the most locomotives,
 17,000 engines. Germany has 16,000,
 France 11,000, Austria, Hungary, and
 the second largest continental country has
 6000.

Bite of Information.

There is a stringent law in Japan that
 when one omphalos is cut down
 another must be planted in its place.
 The tree is hardy and long lived, at-
 taining to an enormous size. It is cov-
 ered with a small leaf of a vivid dark
 green color. The seed or berries grow
 in clusters, resembling the black cur-
 rant in size and appearance. And this
 wood is employed for every purpose,
 from cabinet making to shipbuilding.

Bite of Information.

The mikado is the religious head of
 the Japanese, as well as their ruler.
 His place is hereditary, and it has been
 filled by members of his family for
 more than 2000 years. His incompar-
 able and most august Majesty, known
 as the Mikado, is the 124th of the line.
 The founder of it, whose hope of posterity
 in his wildest dreams could not have
 equaled the result, was contemporary
 with Nebuchadnezzar, 600 B. C.

Bite of Information.

It will doubtless be a source of relief
 for many to know that it is possible to
 be married in Cincinnati by a woman.
 The act of "bigamy" was passed in
 1852, and has since been amended sev-
 eral times. The act now reads: "Any
 person who marries a second time, so
 long as the first marriage is in force,
 shall be guilty of bigamy, and shall be
 punished by imprisonment in the peni-
 tent house for not less than one year
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Miscellaneous.

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O. N. B.—These have been selected with care by experienced herbalists, and all are warranted.
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